

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## The Goddess

The Most Imposing Motion Picture Serial and Story Ever Created.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies

INTRODUCING  
**EARLE WILLIAMS**  
as Tommy Barclay  
**ANITA STEWART**  
as The Goddess

Written by  
**Gouverneur Morris**  
(One of the Most Notable Figures in American Literature)  
Dramatized into a Photo-Play by  
**CHARLES W. GODDARD.**  
Author of  
"The Paths of Paradise"  
"The Exploits of Elaine"

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**SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTER.**  
After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his proud wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests, kidnaps the beautiful 3-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise where she sees no man, but thinks she is taught by angels, who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of 13 she is suddenly thrust into the world, where agents of the interests are ready to find her. By an accident the hero sees her first and hides with her in the Adirondacks.

### SECOND INSTALLMENT.

Mentally, they were poles apart. Tommy, though he loved to spend money, was given to asking foolish questions about the ways and prerogatives of capital. He couldn't understand why the majority of people in this world have to be poor and dirty and unhappy. Why the real producer should have such a small share in what he produces. He did not go into these questions very deeply, but just enough to be something of a socialist at heart and to feel a certain contempt for people to whom the collecting of money was the most important thing in the world. Perhaps he only took up socialist ideas in order to amuse himself at the expense of those who maintain opposite theories, for he didn't go for anything, except games, very seriously or very thoroughly. He did feel very strongly, however, that in a world containing so many able minds it was a shame that so much poverty and misery should be allowed to exist.

"You couldn't live in a house that had a dirty attic and a filthy cellar and tuberculous rats behind the wainscoting," he once said to Barclay. "How then can you live in a city, nine-tenths of it full of dirt, misery and disease?" To which Barclay had answered: "In my own house I am the master. But in the city, if I wanted to clean it up, they wouldn't let me."

"Why wouldn't?"  
"Why the very people who make it dirty. Understand, Tommy, that in this country any man who is willing to work, or not work or eight hours a day but as long as he can, and will live on less than his share, can be clean and rich. It's a small price to pay. Some pay it, I paid it. Others would like to pay it, but still others won't let them. It isn't the rich who keep the poor down. It's the poor who hand together to keep each other down and to pull the rich down on top of them, if they can."

But Tommy was not altogether convinced, and he loved to argue. When he got arguing he got carried away and often said things which he didn't mean, but which troubled Mr. Barclay deeply.

Mr. Barclay was supposed to be the coolest calculator of possibilities in America. As a matter of fact, he was a man who owned his greatest success to impulse. But in the case of Tommy Barclay, whom he had adopted, not after careful deliberation and calculation, but upon impulse, it looked as if he was going to be disappointed.

For a long time Barclay kept on hoping against hope, and attributed Tommy's failures and wrong-headed principles to his youth and high spirits. Then one day there appeared an interview, which Tommy had given to a reporter, between the chuckers of a polo game, and Barclay threw up his hands.

Talking with the wild carelessness of youth, Tommy had given it as his opinion that in the great coal mine strike in western Pennsylvania, then at its height, the miners were really fighting for their existence, and that the owners were oppressing them.

To Barclay such opinions uttered by his adopted son amounted to treason. And he had the impulse to abandon all those hopes which he had entertained for the boy's future, and he had abandoned them.

First he sent for his nephew, Carlton Fitch. To this one he made no elaborate explanation of his changed attitude. He said, "Carlton, I want to see you married and settled down. You are said to be in love with Mary Blackstone."

A light seemed to glitter in Fitch's eyes.

"I'm afraid her father doesn't like me, uncle," he said, "and there is someone whom I think she likes more."

"Tommy?"  
Fitch nodded, and Barclay smiled grimly.

"I will take care of Blackstone and Tommy," he said, "you take care of the girl."

Then he sent for Tommy. "Tommy," he said, "I'm very fond of you and you have been a bitter disappointment to me."

"I know it," said Tommy, "I can't help it. I'm made that way, but I'm awfully sorry."

"The bulk of my property," said Barclay, "will have to go to some one with more respect for property."

"Yes sir, I see that."  
"But you will always have plenty."  
"Thank you, sir."  
"That's because I'm fond of you, and because it is only just."  
"Even if you are disappointed in me," said Tommy, "please don't stop liking me."  
There was something very wistful and manly about the boy, and Barclay was more deeply moved than he cared to admit.



One of the Visions Tommy Barclay Saw in His Dream of Heaven and all the Wonders that it Held—and Celestia.

Senator Blackstone, a man with a large mouth, hook-nosed face and white side whiskers, frowned heavily after reading Barclay's note; frowned heavily, heavily paced the floor of his library, gave vent to defiant mutterings, and then suddenly collapsed into a deep chair, as if very tired, and read the note again.

Dear Blackstone:  
Don't by any chance allow your daughter to throw herself away on my adopted son. She belongs to the aristocracy of wealth. That aristocracy may one day become a nobility. Mary is fitted to wear the purple and to share the throne of the world's greatest empire. The world in which we live is pregnant with great events. And the weak will go under. Destroy this.

Yours in haste,  
Barclay.

Mary Blackstone sat for a very long time staring into space. She didn't want to give up Tommy. She didn't want to give up all those wonderful possibilities that her father had talked about so solemnly after exacting from her a solemn promise of secrecy. Could it be true that the old order of things, a president entering to this vote and that, a congress continually throwing obstacles in the way of enterprise and efficiency, was to change all of a sudden? Her father said so. The people would begin to clamor for efficiency in high places instead of buffoonery, for trained men instead of demagogues. They would clamor to be not flotsam and jetsam in a sea of politics and incompetence, but integral parts of such a machine as the Standard Oil or the steel trust, with someone at the head of it that would see to the comfort, cleanliness and efficiency of every one of those integral parts. Instead of taxes to pay the people would clamor for dividends to spend, and they would get them. Her father said so.

"They have ground down the trusts," he said, "only to find that they have ground themselves down at the same time."

"Now the pendulum is swinging the other way. Gradually the trusts will regain what they have lost. What is the next step? Greater trusts? Yes, but beyond that, staggering belief, a trust of trusts. A trust in whose hands will be all the trusts of business of a whole continent, and whose stockholders shall be the inhabitants of that continent. Poverty and degradation will cease to exist. The head of that trust may be called chairman, a president, dictator, perhaps he will be called king. And already the powers who believe in this coming change have such a man in their eye. He will not be the first king; he is very young, but he will be the second. After him, who? Why, a son of his body, trained from birth to fill that great position. And you, my dear, if you wished, might be that son's mother, and wear a diadem."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

professional as well as for the professional—for there are certain things that the former should know in order that the professional may have opportunity to render his best service in the matter.

While no attempt is made by the author to minimize the viciousness of the disease, or to disguise the fact of its increase, yet there are points made by him that tend to lessen the dread with which it is regarded, for he confidently instructs the reader that great as is the peril which it involves, if neglected on the appearance of the first symptoms, it can, except under certain conditions, be successfully dealt with if promptly reported to the surgeon and he be allowed to remove the offending growth before it has had time to invade the system.

The public should know this, and the author has rendered beneficial service in putting the case so clearly and strongly. By diminishing fear of the disease he eliminates one of its procuring causes, for, as already remarked, we are liable to be overtaken by that which we fear will overtake us. He contradicts the rather prevalent idea that cancerous tendencies may be inherited, and thus brings comfort of mind to such as have supposed that they were themselves liable to the affliction because descended from some near or remote ancestor that had suffered or died from it.

It is the result of his wide and prolonged study of the field to conclude that neither medical nor mental treatment is dependable as a curative. His only reliance is upon the knife, the use of which need not necessarily be a serious matter if resort to it is not delayed, and with this understanding that once the affected tissues are thoroughly removed there is no danger of a recurrence.

The one thing for both layman and surgeon to remember is that cancer is a disease that will easily get the upper hand if allowed to go its own way. A case of that kind once came under my own observation. A gentleman friend of mine discovered on his side a lump of scarcely noticeable dimensions. He thought little of it, but after a time, as it gave slight signs of enlargement, he called to the attention of a surgeon, one of the most distinguished in eastern Massachusetts. The surgeon examined it and gave his friend the consolatory information that it was nothing that need give him anxiety, and that the best thing to do was to think nothing about it. It has always seemed to me that a suit might have been entered for malpractice.

Anyhow the lump continued to grow, and the patient, shrinking from notifying his friends of what was going on, contentiously kept his condition to himself. The result was that the next time he offered himself to a surgeon's examination he was immediately ordered to the hospital to be prepared for the operation table. Thanks to a good constitution and the genius of a surgeon that did not come from eastern Massachusetts, he survived the treatment, which was an awfully severe one and which might have been avoided if the patient had not been so reticent, and if the first surgeon had had either the discernment or the frankness to state things as they were.

I have never studied medicine and, of course, never sued for admission within the sacred precincts of the Medical Society, but cases of the kind just stated are self-explanatory even to the non-professional mind, and it is very much to be desired that laymen, saying nothing about physicians and surgeons, should gain from Dr. Bainbridge's masterly work as much as possible of its practical contents.

Cancer is a mysterious and terrible scourge, and is becoming increasingly destructive in its ravages. Rich and poor are its victims. It thrives in the open country and in the congested tenement house districts, and is no respecter of persons. A slight invariable irritation on the outer or inner surface of the body is a sufficient cause for the development of the "neoplasm."

Without there being any advantage in becoming nervous and foreboding in regard to the matter, but, on the contrary, a decided disadvantage, yet enough is known regarding the disease, even as the true of tuberculosis, to render wise a certain amount of rational watchfulness over one's self. Nature holds out danger signals. We need not hunt for them, but must respect them on their appearance. Tuberculosis has been widely exploited. Not so cancer.

One object of the book is to bring the whole matter closer to the scientific regard of the medical fraternity and closer to the unflinching interest and attention of non-professionals. The author, therefore, urges emphatically a campaign of education, to be maintained first among those who are scientifically competent to appreciate the biological details of the subject, and then among those whose training permits of their going no farther than to accept and practice upon such practical aspects of the problem as can be utilized to individual security and recovery.

## Wisdom of Certain Amount of Watchfulness

Against Cancer Without Useless Alarm, Which So Often Seems to Bring on Dread Disease—Prompt Treatment is Main Thing.

By DR. CHARLES H. BAINBRIDGE.

Events which we anticipate are quite likely to occur. There is good philosophy in that. Our anticipation of them tends to prepare the way for their coming. This is especially the case when what we anticipate is something we dread to have happen. Our dread operates to precipitate its happening.

Job's words hint at that when he says: "The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come to me." He may not have connected the fear and the happening, and yet he may have. It is certainly reasonable that he should have.

The above is suggested by the reading of Dr. William Seaman Bainbridge's work on cancer. The volume is the result of many years of investigation, and is the most thorough of anything yet produced on that subject. A layman might not seem to have any right to speak upon a matter that lies so definitely within the sphere of the physical, and the surgeon; but the fact is that Dr. Bainbridge has written his book for the non-

professional as well as for the professional—for there are certain things that the former should know in order that the professional may have opportunity to render his best service in the matter.

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## Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

"A Splendid Man."

Dear Mr. Fairfax: A splendid man asked me to marry him, but I don't know if I love him enough. He can give me everything I wish for, and he loves me dearly and would give me a beautiful home. I have known him from childhood, but he could not speak to me of marriage till now on account of having to take care of his mother. A few years ago I would have been glad of the chance; but now a married man has come into my life. He doesn't live with his wife, and I don't know whether he loves me; but I love him, and I am waiting for him to ask me to marry him when he gets a divorce. This man has nothing—but I love him. Please advise me.

The man who asked me is 30 years old; I am 35 years old; and the married man is 25 years old, and I have heard that he said that, if he were free to marry, he would not marry me, as he only thought of me as a friend. PERFLEXED.

Don't spoil your own life by waiting and longing for some miracle to do everything for you at one stroke. Don't do a fine man the injustice of marrying him merely to "get settled" in life. Can't you dismiss the foolish infatuation from your mind and appreciate the man you speak of so highly?

Twelve Dollars a Week.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am twenty-four and have been keeping company with a young man a few months my senior for four years.

Now, we would like to get married, but want to ask your advice. This young man is a letter carrier but is not on steady, and earns on an average of \$12 a week. I am willing to do work which would pay \$4 a week. We have saved \$400 between us.

Now, Miss Fairfax, do you think we could get along on this?

Has your fiancé any chance of promotion? If he has and is sober and industrious and you are sure of your ability

to earn \$4 in addition to his salary, I think you may risk marrying. But you must manage carefully and frugally. And try to keep your next egg intact.

A Girl's Reputation.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 15 and have been keeping company with a young girl I love very much. A very dear friend of mine who works with me and is married saw me go out with her and today he took me aside and advised me not to associate with her, as he knew her from her last life and would not like to see me get into any kind of a mix-up with her, as he thinks too much of me.

Now, I love the girl very much and would not like to give her up, as it would break my heart, but my friend tells me it is all for the best.

I. J. S.

Give the girl a chance. I think poorly of a man who tells of a past experience of his own to prove a girl's lack of character. You are far too young to think of love and marriage, but, perhaps, your loyal respectful friendship will prove just what she needs to help her.

Do Not Be Narrow.

Dear Miss Fairfax: While on my vacation last summer I met a young lady whom I learned to love. Since then we have been corresponding, and I have been going to see her about once a month. The last time I went to see her, instead of meeting me, she went out with another man. I did not say anything to her about it, but felt that she had not done right. Would you advise me to write her any more, and if so, what to say. However, I do not think I would like to keep company with such a girl, but feel as though I ought to write.

H. E. C.

If you begin now to object because a girl you like happens to go out with another man, what kind of a treat do you think you will be after marriage? You have no claim on the girl. Be broad minded.

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